

# MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

## AND

### LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"PEPLETE WITH EVERY CHARM T' IMPROVE THE HEART,  
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 16.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1805.

[Vol. I.]

#### Miscellaneous Selections.

##### THE STARLING.

A NOVEL IN MINIATURE.

##### CHAPTER I.

A SOLILOQUY.

"See where she leans her cheek upon her hand,  
"Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,  
"That I might kiss her cheek!"

SUCH was the attitude of Maria, and such might have been the wish of any one who is susceptible of tenderness, and whose heart has ever felt the sympathizing throb, awakened by beauty when melancholy has given resistless allurements to the features.

"Alas!" sighed she, "how hopeless is this cruel passion, which I have suffered to obtrude itself into my bosom!—But how could I resist the allurements of such a form, united with such merits of the heart and of the understanding!—Yet I ought to have resisted. How could I expect that a man of Courtney's opulence, would condescend to cast a thought on a poor friendless orphan, whose scanty fortune exceeds not the limits of the humblest competency!—Yet my family was once not much inferior in honor or opulence to his own: and I am sure the mind of my Courtney is too noble to be swayed by the selfish prejudices of the vulgar crowd. But what to me avails the gen'rosity of his heart, if that heart sympathizes not with the emotions of mine. Unhappy sex! forbid at once by custom and instinctive delicacy, to reveal the tender impressions of which we are but too susceptible; if we love it is without hope—while to our sufferings, even the mournful consolation of pity is denied!—But perhaps I merit this misery; perhaps that female heart approaches too near to wantonness, which is yielded unsolicited to the influence of so tender a passion. Prudence, and the opinion of the age, forbid attachment from beginning on the part of the female; but will the instincts of nature subside at the formal mandates of prudence; will the tenderest passion of the soul be influenced

by the cold dictates of opinion? can the heart on which nature has affixed her impress, be new moulded by the maxims of fashion? Why are our sex endowed with sensibility? why are we thus susceptible of tenderness, if the softest, the earliest, the most powerful of all the effects of such a disposition is inconsistent with the delicacy of our nature. Of what can I reproach myself, but being too sensible of merit, and imbibing, ere I was aware, a passion, which, with painful caution, I have endeavored to conceal."

Thus, while the tear trembled in her eye, meditated the lovely Maria Howard, when her soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of a servant, who summoned her into the drawing-room, to officiate at the altar of Hysonia, informing her at the same time with all the officious eagerness of a confidential chambermaid, that Mr. Courtney was below with her aunt.

##### CHAPTER II.

EXPLANATIONS. CALLANTRY.

"And every tongue that lips forth Romeo's name,  
"Speaks heavenly eloquence."

This speech of Juliet breathes the genuine spirit of love, as the following circumstance will illustrate. It is necessary before we proceed, to inform the reader of a circumstance which, however trifling it may appear, will be found of some importance at the conclusion of our story. In short, then, the pensive hours of Maria were not a little cheered by the society of one of those little natives of the British grove, who are endowed alike with the power of warbling the notes of tutored melody, and of imitating the voice and accents of man. And, as the name of Courtney, followed always with a sigh, was almost constantly escaping from the lips of Maria, this little starling was not long before it learned to articulate the same tender sound, to the no small satisfaction of the pensive beauty. To the name that is dear to us, we are ever happy to listen; and the tongue which most frequently repeats it, sounds with the sweetest harmony in our ears. No wonder then that the lovely Maria soon grew so fond of a little prattler, that from morning to

night was continually calling upon one for whom she entertained the most pure and ardent affection. She fed it with her own hand, she conversed with it for hours, and became as fond of it as the tender mother is of her infant child.

But to resume the thread of our narrative, as soon as our heroine was informed that Courtney was below, she blushed, and with spirits all in a flutter (anxious no doubt, to show her dutiful obedience to her aunt, by the promptitude with which she attended her summons) hastened to the drawing-room, forgetting even to give her favorite bird the accustomed kiss, or to shut the little prattler in his cage.

Courtney had been, hitherto, entertaining the old lady with news and politics, for which, like most of her sisterhood, she had a most ardent passion. But as soon as youth and beauty beamed before him in full radiance (for a sudden blush restored the faded bloom to Maria's cheek) the sprightly gallant began to display his talent for a softer kind of conversation.

"Why have we been deprived of the pleasure of your company, all this while, Miss Maria. We have been in want of your judgment to decide our controversy, or rather of your sweet influence to dissipate the dispute."

Maria only replied by her confusion; but Miss Susannah was more eloquent.

"Her not attending," said the aunt, "is a matter of insignificant importation. The paucity of ideas universally observable in feminine juvenility, would have rendered our serious cogitations unintelligible to her peurile comprehension. Novels and romances would have been more accordant to her ratiocinations."—"Your observation would be perfectly just, if applied to the generality of young ladies," replied Courtney, "but Miss Maria, perhaps very prudently, avoids political topics, yet, from the little of her conversation with which she favors us, we have no reason to doubt of her ability to display the excellencies of a fine understanding upon any subject. Besides I am a little of a physiognomist, and will venture to pronounce that those eyes do not receive all their lustre from their structure and their colour."



Hope, cheerful foother of the sorrowing heart, whispered Maria that there was unusual softness in the tone and manner of delivering the latter part of this sentence. The silence too which succeeded, so very uncommon with Courtney in the company of the fair sex, had to her mind's ear a kind of eloquent tongue, which argued the truth of her supposition.

And now with a trembling hand, and a mind intent on far other worship, the beautiful Maria began to minister at the boiling fount of Hyfonia.

If thou hast a heart, O reader! thou wouldst undoubtedly have been charmed, hadst thou seen the graceful motion with which the lily-handed priestess guided the odoriferous streams into those inverted miniatures of the ethereal concave, vulgarly called tea cups; and viewed her pouring out the delicious cream, which, conscious of the superior whiteness of her hand, dived under the teeming lake, to avoid comparison, and there testified its envy by the cloudy appearance which it assumed. Courtney had hitherto continued that unusual silence which we have hitherto noticed. But a deep sigh which escaped, unobserved by herself, from the priestess, roused him from his reverie—as the reader will see in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

#### FROM THE LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE readers of the Miscellany will not be displeased with the following concise character of the man, whose name they revere. Should the subject be considered as hackneyed, let it be recollected, that it ought never to die, and that few compositions in the title of a "character" of this great and good man have ever been published.

#### CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON was a perfect example; his character has no parallel. Modern names are diminished before him, and antiquity is rivalled. A general, statesman, magistrate, and citizen, his duties were arduous and manifold, and he sustained them without effort.

Guiding the policy of the cabinet with his intellectual, and wielding the sword of battle with his physical strength, he confounded the arts, and defeated the arms of his enemies. He commanded the hearts of his soldiers, and the resources of his countrymen; and his wishes were immediately followed by their exertions. His firmness was so undaunted, his submission to Congress so meekly authoritative, his decision so moderately determined, and his exploits so prudently harralting, that in every vicissitude of war, his friends were overruled, and his foes overborne by his pre-eminence. Rising far above common conception, his actions were heroic, his virtues sublime. No difficulty reached him, that he did not surmount, and no

passion assailed him that he did not overcome. Malignity has accused him of cruelty and indifference, but his tears on the death of Andre, and the effusion of his country's gratitude have completely controlled the poison of the imputation.

No ignoble desires for arbitrary sway were produced by his universal popularity, for his magnanimity was more exalted than his courage. The vile, who believed him capable of treachery, were mortified, and the weak, who mistrusted human fortitude, were astonished at his noble resignation of power.

As the absence of the law of gravitation would involve our system in original chaos, so at the retirement of Washington the union assumed the aspect of convulsive dissolution. He appeared again, and order assumed her operation. Opposition was silenced at the mention of his name, and rebellion retired to her den. So controlling was his influence, that party breathed only to expire. So patriotic were his motives, that there existed no envy, however malignant, that ever disputed his integrity, and no corruption, however hardened, that did not tremble at his frown. The powers of his authority seemed his natural habitments, yet his obedience, as a citizen, was a pattern for emulation. The relative duties he observed with religious attention, and his shining talents in public were equalled only by his philosophy in domestic life.

In Washington there was aggregate of excellence rather, than any glaring peculiarity. Without those flashings of genius, which serve only to dazzle the understanding, the steady light of his intellect concentrated its rays to guide the progress of America to liberty and to fame. He was one of those few characters, which are formed by God for conducting great events. An epoch in history will accompany the life of Washington. A warlike nation humbled by the struggles of a peaceful one, a government erected by social compact, and a people flourishing under the mild influence of those institutions, which they themselves had consolidated; these are the grand concomitants, with which the name of Washington will be adorned for the imitation of posterity.

#### SELECT SENTENCES.

SHALL we give over being virtuous to avoid the sneers of envy? Where would the world be, should the sun withhold its beams, that they might not dazzle weak eyes?

The greatest pleasure that can be done to a vain man, is not so much to praise him, as quietly to hear him praise himself.

Some authors labour and polish their compositions to such a degree, that all they publish is mere filings.

#### LOVE.

SHAKESPEARE, in the comedy of *As you like it*, puts into the mouth of his shepherd Silvius the following delightful description of Love, of the sweetness and delicacy of which I should hold it little less than prophanity to attempt to express my admiration.

"It is to be made all of sighs and tears,  
It is to be made all of faith and service,  
It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance."

True love is indeed a passion tender and sublime, let the cold blooded cynics say what they please to the contrary. It is something very opposite to that which assumes the name in fashionable society, where you frequently hear those disgraceful, unnatural, venal connections—formed not from any congeniality of mind, not from any ardent, sincere, virtuous affection, but originating in ambition, pride, or vanity, sometimes even in a direction of all modesty and all moral principle—honored with the appellation of Love; but this is not the way Shakespeare instructs us to love. *True love* can only be excited and exist in a virtuous mind. It is always timid, modest, and respectful. It has its hopes and its fears; but it conceals them. "It looks not with the eyes, but with the mind." It is even favourable to ideas, consoling and sublime, such as the existence of a supreme being, the spirituality of the soul—its immortality. A lover with his affections fixed, his heart pure, his feelings ardent, will believe her to be possessed of every charm and every grace, which can ennoble in his "mind's eye" the object of his love. In the heroic ages he would have regarded his mistress as the daughter of Jupiter—as uniting the perfections of Venus and Minerva. At this period he will wish to see her the most perfect work of her Creator—the image the most resembling, if I dared thus express myself, the almighty Being, who unites all perfections. His love will be grounded on the graces of her mind, and in his firm belief that it is destined for immortality. If he could persuade himself for a moment, that she, who is now the delight of his eyes and the sweetener of his life, was but a fortuitous concourse of atoms, or produced from necessity with as much indifference as the organization of a fly—that she must die and be forgotten—that she must lie in cold oblivion and moulder away—from that moment, I say, he could feel nothing like love, and the ardor of his affections would be extinguished in the frightful idea of annihilation. An English author had some reason for the declaration, that, in a country of atheists, love would prove the existence of a God.



## ON MARRIAGE.

WHEN a young man enters upon the matrimonial state, with a view of circumscribing his vain imagination and removing the elusive follies attached to youth with a wish to cultivate domestic happiness, and thereby pay that strict attention to business which his situation may require; with such views and intentions, if carried into execution, society beholds the pleasing prospect of the addition of a valuable citizen.

But when a young man enters upon the matrimonial state without first calculating the importance of the undertaking; when his apparel exceeds by far his situation, when all attention is diverted from business and he sporting on the wings of imagination, like the weathercock playing with the wind and dancing to the sound of folly—Sacha young man is making work for repentance—society regard him not—and vultures (as it were) at the cockcomb—and when a few revolving years shall have passed away, and the sweets of domestic society begin to fade, his own conscience will reproach him.

## THE EXCELLENT WOMAN.

LET fancy now present a woman with a tolerable understanding, (for I do not wish to leave the line of mediocrity) whose constitution, strengthened by exercise, has allowed her body to acquire its full vigour; her mind at the same time gradually expanding itself to comprehend the moral duties of life, and in what human virtue and dignity consist. Formed thus for the discharge of the relative duties of her station, she marries from affection, without losing sight of prudence; and looking beyond matrimonial felicity, she secures her husband's respect before it is necessary to exert mean arts to please him, and feed a dying flame which nature doomed to expire when the object became familiar; when friendship and forbearance take place of a more ardent affection. This is the natural death of love: and domestic peace is not destroyed by struggles to prevent extinction. I also suppose the husband to be virtuous, or she is still more in want of independent principles. Fate, however, break this tie. She is left a widow, perhaps without sufficient provision; but she is not desolate. The pang of nature is felt; but after time has softened sorrow into melancholy resignation, her heart turns to her children with redoubled fondness; and, anxious to provide for them, affection gives a sacred heroic cast to her maternal duties. She thinks that not only the eye sees her virtuous efforts, from whom all her comfort must now flow, and whose approbation is life; but her imagination, a little abstracted and exalted by grief, dwells on the fond hope, that the eyes which her trembling hand closed, may still see how she subdues every wayward passion, to fulfil the double duty of being the father as well as the mother of her children. Raised to heroism by misfortune, she represses the first faint dawning of a natural inclination, before it ripens into love; and, in the gloom of life, forgets the pleasures of an awakening passion, which might again have been inspired and returned. She no longer thinks of pleasing, and conscious dignity prevents her from priding herself on account of the praise which her conduct demands. Her children have her love, and her brightest hopes are beyond the grave, where her imagination often strays.

I think I see her, surrounded by her children, reaping the reward of her care. The intelligent eye meets hers, whilst health and innocence smile on their chubby cheeks; and, as they grow up, the cares of life are lessened by their grateful attention. She lives to see the virtues which she endeavoured to plant on principles, fixed in habits—to see her children attain a strength

character sufficient to enable them to endure adversity, without forgetting their mother's example.—The task of life thus fulfilled, she calmly waits for the sleep of death; and, rising from the grave, she may say, 'Behold, thou gavest me a talent—and here are ten talents.'

## Communication.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

To the Editors.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

The following is a translation from a periodical work called the 'Petit Censeur,' published in Philadelphia weekly; it may prove acceptable to the readers of your publication, and is yours to publish, if you please. A PATRON.

To the EDITOR of the PETIT CENSEUR.

MR. SEPTIMARIAN,

I AM a Frenchman, full of honor; if this is not absolutely to inform you who I am, at least it is to tell you, in more than one sense, who I am not; and, now-a-days, this is not altogether useless.

The evening before last I found in the street, under my feet, a silk shawl; I am ignorant to whom this shawl belongs; I have not seen in any one place the person who wore it, and all my enquiries since then have proved ineffectual in learning any thing relative to the person.

I will thank you then, Mr. Septimarian, to advertise in your next number, the shawl found, so that it may be faithfully returned to her who shall claim it.

But in order that there may be no error with regard to this, I will just hint to you that the person who lost it, that day, had her dressed with rose ribbons; that, beside, she was tall, well made; her hair is of a fair colour; her complexion sparkling with whiteness; her neck is small and free; her size slender; and the handsomest foot in the world. She is quick, wandering, and walks extremely light. If you ask me, Mr. le Petit Censeur, how it came that, having observed her so well, I did not instantly restore to her the shawl, I shall have the honor to repeat to you what I have said above, that I never saw the person; that I neither know her eyes, her complexion, her dress, or her deportment; nor do I know who she is, or what face she bears.

If you insist upon knowing how, not having seen her, I can describe her so well; in my turn I shall be astonished that an observer, so accurate as you are, does not know that the very examination of the shawl of a woman, is sufficient to give all the marks by which she may be known.

But, without priding myself here of a merit which can scarcely be called one, since Zadig, of gentle memory, has given of it its proceedings; suppose then, Mr. Septimarian, that, on examining the shawl, I found some hair of a beautiful fair colour, stuck upon the cloth, also some light rose threads loosened from the dress of her head, it did not require a great stress of genius to infer, that the ribbon and the hair of this fair one must have been all like the patterns; you conceive this perfectly; and as such hair never grows on a fallow complexion, or a skin approaching to the dark, the analogy would have taught you, as well as myself, that this belle, to be silver coloured hair, must have a glittering complexion; this is what no observer can contend without doing hurt to his judgment. It is easy to be perceived too, that it has sufficed me to observe the little hole formed by the pin which fastened the shawl near the neck, to judge that, from the little space, that neck must have

been small and free. Suppose, likewise, that I have measured from the neck to the folds made by the arms, I have thought that the bust was slender, the person tall and well made; this speaks of itself. Suppose, again, Mr. le Petit Censeur, that, observing the bulk of the shawl, you should have found like me, the impression of a very beautiful foot marked with grey doll, would you not have thought that if any other woman had walked on the shawl, she would certainly have deprived me of the pleasure of picking it up; then it would not have been possible for you to doubt that this impression came from the pretty foot of the person who lost the shawl; therefore, you would have said, if her shoe is very small, her charming foot must have been more so; a child would comprehend this. This impression made *en passant*, without even having been felt, shews, besides an extreme quickness of walk, a strange prepossession of mind, of which grave, cold, or aged people, are little susceptible; from which I have concluded, very plainly, that my charming fair one is at the flower of her age, very quick and wandering in proportion.

After this information, then, be not surprised, Mr. le Petit Censeur, that a Frenchman, who, having devoted all his life to a philosophic and particular study of the fair sex, should have discovered, at the sole sight of a shawl, that the handsome fair, to the rose ribbon, has all the eclat of Venus, the free neck of the Nymphs, the shape of the Graces, and the youth of Hebe; that she is quick and wandering, in so much as to forget every thing, to run on tip-toe with all the lightness of Atalanta.

In returning this cloak, permit me, Mr. Septimarian, to remain wrapt up in my own, and to sign, merely, L'AMATEUR FRANÇAIS.

## To Readers and Correspondents.

Our readers cannot fail being pleased with the communication of 'A PATRON'; a continuation of correspondence is respectfully solicited.

DIANA's production, is by no means destitute of merit; we wish to hear from her again.

MERCUTIO will accept thanks for his favor.

M. K. L.'s request is readily complied with.

MANOT must excuse the omission of one of his favors, which was occasioned by the quantum of other matter previously prepared.—Cupid's Revenge, is this day inserted;—A Persian Tale, shall be early attended to.

The poetic productions of ANGUS, ARISTANDER, &c. we will peruse when more at leisure.

## Hymeneal.

\* Delightful state! to whom alone is given,  
\* On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven.

MARRIED]—In Portsmouth, Mr. William Yceton, to Miss Lucy Chauncy.

Mr. Enoch M. Clark, to Mrs. Mary Woodward.

Mr. Peirce P. Clements, to Miss Louisa Mendum.

Mr. Daniel Dearborne, to Miss Ann Beck.

In Exeter, on Thursday evening, Mr. Joseph Tilton, attorney

at law, of Rochester, to Miss Nancy Folsom, of the former place.

In this town, on Sunday evening last, Mr. Samuel Cook, to Miss Susan Kappell.

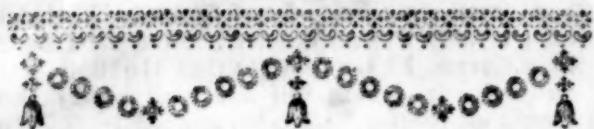
## Obituary.

\* Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,  
\* Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!

DIED]—In Portsmouth, Mr. John Hamilton, aged 28.—The wife of Mr. Samuel Akerman, aged 30.

In this town, Mr. James Davis, aged 35.—On Thursday evening, Capt. Joseph Goodhue, aged 54.





## Poetry.

## FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

*Conscious of my inability to offer any thing worthy the perusal of your readers, with a degree of diffidence is communicated for publicity, and the perusal of Lyfander, the following, which is addressed to him, and which I have thought proper to file*

## THE CONSOLATION.

THO' now the darksome tomb contains  
Your lovely MIRA's angel form,  
Her purer spirit soars and reigns,  
Secure from each afflictive storm.

Tho' MIRA, beautiful and young,  
From your embrace by death is torn,  
Yet on her lips consoling hung  
These words—*Lyfander do not mourn.*

Then cease to grieve, each sigh refrain,  
Since MIRA reigns in bliss above,  
Looks down benignant on your pain,  
Beholds the fervor of your love.

O cease to heave those rending sighs,  
And wipe away those floods of tears;  
Sweet scenes of joy may yet arise,  
And you be blest with happy years.

Some other fair may yet obtain  
The homage of your fondest love,  
Conjugal bliss be yours again,  
And MIRA may the deed approve.

Those groves where once, with fond delight,  
You, and your MIRA, oft did roam,  
Those groves and plains may yet invite  
Your willing feet to stray from home.

DIAMA.

## FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

## THEY SO HAVE BEEN TAUGHT.

SAYS Patty to Dennis, you always begin  
The quarrel, for which you always me blame;  
Dear Patty, said he, as he chuck'd up her chin,  
That honour, as yet, I never could claim.

Then Pat. in a rage hits Dennis a blow,  
Take that, reply'd she, which you vex'd me to do;  
He gave her another which soon laid her low,  
A spectacle horrid for children to view.

All day and all night thus they fist it and scold,  
Still Dennis, poor fellow, must bear all the blame;  
But Patty his deary is fast growing old,—  
He wishes her age was as great as her fame.

The children they follow their good parents' way,  
And fight, like their father & mother, for naught,  
For this simple reason, I've heard the folks say,  
*Because by their parents they so have been taught.*

MERCUTIO.

## EPIGRAM.

"PAY me my money!" Robin cry'd  
To Richard, whom he quickly spy'd,  
And by the collar seiz'd the blade,  
Swearing he'd be that moment paid:  
Bastard Richard instant made reply,  
(And struck poor Robin in the eye,  
"There's my own mark in black and white,  
A note of hand and paid at sight."

## FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

*The following beautiful piece of moral poetry may have been read and admired by most of the readers of your Magazine, yet there may be some who have never seen it; to request its insertion, therefore, at the present season, may not be amiss. By giving it a place you will oblige* M. K. L.

## THE FALLING LEAF.

SEE the leaves around thee falling,  
Dry and wither'd, to the ground;  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound:

Sons of Adam, once in Eden,  
When, like us, he blighted, fell,  
Hear the lecture we are reading,  
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins much, too much presuming  
On your boasted white and red,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Number'd now among the dead!

Gripping misers, nightly waking,  
See the end of all your care;  
Fled on wings of our own making,  
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,  
Fluttering high in fancied worth;—  
Lo! the fickle air that raises,  
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sires, in systems jaded,  
Who for new ones daily call,  
Cease at length, by us persuaded,  
Every leaf must have a fall.

Youth, tho' yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay in health, and manly grace,  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,—  
SUMMER gives to AUTUMN place.

Venerable sires, grown hoary,  
Hither turn th' unwilling eye,  
Think, amidst your falling glory,  
AUTUMN tells a WINTER night.

Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay:—  
Thus we teach the truth concerning  
Heaven and earth must pass away.

On the tree of life eternal,  
Man, let all thy hopes be stay'd;  
There, alone, forever vernal  
Grow the leaves that never fade!

## FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

*By inserting the following in your useful Literary publication, you will oblige* MANOT.

## CUPID'S REVENGE.

CUPID was sleeping in a grove,  
His arms beside him lay;  
Fair DELIA thither chanc'd to rove,  
And stole his arms away.

The charmer thence, on every swain,  
Resolv'd her skill to try;  
No shepherd now could pass the plain,  
But at him she let fly.

Swains, one and all, for DELIA sigh'd  
The hills resound her fame,  
The nymphs with jealous envy did  
At mention of her name.

Among the rest, 'twas EDWIN's fate  
To feel the fatal dart,  
He saw it aim'd, but saw too late,  
She pierc'd him through the heart.

marting with love, the hapless swain  
Reveal'd his sad dismay;  
But DELIA triumph'd in his pain,  
And laughing bled away.

His grief he long in secret fed,  
And heav'd the tender sigh,  
Resolving, should his DELIA wed,  
To lay him down and die.

What numbers fell by DELIA's wound  
'Twer hard, alas, to know,  
But Cupid now the culprit found,  
And fix'd his darts and bow.

In fierce revenge the youth he sought,  
Who felt the deepest pain,  
And soon by fame was Cupid taught  
That EDWIN was the swain.

To him the god, with wrinkled brow,  
The thievish secret brake,  
Lent him his arms, and taught him how  
A sweet revenge to take.

Poor EDWIN bow'd with grateful mien,  
Rejoic'd at news so fair:  
"I'll go," said Cupid, "and, unseen,  
Will straight conduct her here."

The beauteous convict cross'd the plain,  
Glad EDWIN took his aim,  
Fierce in her heart she felt the pain,  
And own'd a mutual flame.

His bow the god resum'd with pride,  
His shade to substance chang'd,  
And, taking wings, exulting cry'd,  
"Now, Madam, I'm reveng'd."

## ON A LATE MARRIAGE.

HAIL Matrimony! heav'nly band,  
True source of love and social joy;  
Enacted by divine command,  
Mankind to bless, but not annoy.

Domestic Wars and Discord dire,  
Flee hence unto your native birth;  
Then happiness, our sole desire,  
Shall reign benign in every home.

May Hymen with his rainbow wings,  
Protect each loving pair from harm;  
From hearts united concord springs,  
While virtue quells each rash alarm.

Thou filken Institute divine!  
Blest harbinger of sacred peace!  
Thy charms make social compact shine,  
The arts and sciences increase.

Ye dissolute, forbear to rail;  
To Virtue's laws be not remiss;  
Essay to enter Wedlock's pale,  
You'll there alone find Happiness.

## A SIMILE.

IF on this earth there be a human woe,  
That bears resemblance to the pains below,  
Were in the burning pit, all potent ire,  
Inflicts the pains of unextinguish'd fire,  
Sure, 'tis the pain of him who sees the charms,  
The sweets he doats on fill a rival's arms.

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